Latte To Go

By

Alexander Gordon Jahans

I have had a long day at work and I'm still in my three piece dark blue suit as I queue for coffee. The girl manning the till is young, blond, slender and smiling warmly like all good service drones should. I lick my lips and consider the range of cakes. I am suddenly feeling very hungry.

I order a caramel latte and a cheese and bacon toastie.

As she handles the order I smile at her and she smiles at me.

Well of course it's her job to flirt with the customers. I'm not a fool, I know the chances are slim but I decide the benefits outweigh the risks.

She hands me my toastie and latte.

I hand over the cash, pausing just a moment to let my fingers hover over her wrist.

She looks at me with nervous anticipation.

"Get a coffee and sit with me." I say quickly before taking my order and leaving.

I don't want her to feel uncomfortable. I don't want her to feel trapped. I pick somewhere quiet but within view of a cctv camera and the baristas. Somewhere almost equidistant between the toilets and the way out.

I sit down and eat my toastie. In my head I'm counting. I know this game and I know how long this will take if I'm right. I pace my eating. I don't want awkwardness from having to rush off or being too slow to leave if I make her uncomfortable.

She emerges right on cue as a finish off the last morsel of my toastie. I smell the black coffee in her mug and feel energized.

She smiles at me and blushes. "Hi."

"Hi." I say, wiping my mouth with a napkin. "Derek, pleased to met you."

"Sally." She says it awkwardly because it's engraved on her uniform name badge.

"Okay, Sally, I'm going to come right out and say this. I think you're cute." I say before taking a sip of my coffee.

Sally blushes, smiles sweetly and reaches out to grab my left hand. "I like your suit and confidence."

I set down my coffee then look Sally in the eyes and say. "I wish you no disrespect and I want you to understand that if you turn me down I hope you live a long, fulfilling life and I will never bother you again."

Sally giggles awkwardly then bites her lip, takes a deep breath and nods. “I’m listening.”

“In a moment I am going to go get the 6:30 train from Waterloo to Alton. I will leave you the cash to book yourself a ticket. Consider it compensation for any inconvenience or distress if you decline to join me.” I say matter of factly. “Can you get to Waterloo in time for the 6:30?”

Sally checks her watch. “I think so. Why? What do you want with me?”

I smile, take another sip of my latte, take out my wallet, lay the cash on the table, stow my wallet, grab my latte, get up from my chair and go to leave.

Sally looks up at me sharply, a note of confusion in her eyes. I bend down and whisper in her ear. “I want to fuck you, shrink you, own you and when I get home cook and eat you.”

I leave the coffee shop and leave at a brisk pace. She’s a nice girl, she’ll probably earn herself a master’s degree when she’s done paying her way through university. Let her forget me. Let her tell my offer as a funny anecdote at parties. Let her feel no fear and walk with a spring in her step. I don’t look back.

I walk at a careful pace, stopping occasionally to make detours as I see shops that strike my fancy. I could do with a new cane and I am a sucker for a nice tie.

With perfect timing I get on the train. I sit at the end of the train, in a first class section with second class seating in sight.

The train leaves the station and I pull out my kindle. Nonchalant reading is de rigeur and I do like skimming through recipes for shrunken girls. The best are written by switch bisexual women. Men tend to overdo things. Too crunchy, too greasy, too sexualised. Lesbians are better but their tastes, quite understandably, don’t consider the male palette. A bisexual switch woman though knows how best to walk the line.

I hear a coughing. The kind people who don’t really understand politeness make to attract attention. I look up from my kindle and smile.

Sally is standing there in a short skirt and sleeveless top.

Oh, you good girl.

I look back at my kindle as my right hand idly plays with a cuff link. My Quantum Oscillator is pushed out of a hidden compartment and I grab hold of it. I idly flash it in her direction and zap her for a few moments then stow my Quantum Oscillator.

Oh, that’s interesting, a recipe for sylph cheese cake where you literally transform the sylph into a sentient dairy cream then shape and set them so you can enjoy a nice vanilla cheesecake while dominating and devouring your willing submissive. A little over my capabilities as a logic craftsman though.

I stow my kindle and look in her direction. She’s shrunk by just three inches but the effect proportionally has her struggling to hold her top and bra about herself and her socks have fallen into

her trainers. Now that is what I like to see.

I stride over and ask. “Is this seat taken?”

She looks up at me and blushes. “No.”

I sit next her and stretch my arm about her.

She leans against me and says quietly. “I didn’t think you’d shrink me till we fucked.”

I pull her close to me then clear the hair from her face and explain. “I like to see a pretty girl struggling, helpless and embarrassed. I can reverse it, if you’d like?”

She shakes her head then looks at me hungrily. Her right hand reaches over to hug me then she pauses and starts marveling at what she finds when she feels my chest. “You have abs.” she says in astonishment.

I laugh then say. “Sit on my lap.”

She pulls her clothes awkwardly about herself then shuffles over to sit on my lap.

I whisper in her ear. “You like obeying me, don’t you?”

“Yes, Master.” She says with nervous glee. “Are you going to fuck me now?”

“If you ask nicely...” I say feeling the contours of her body beneath her clothes.

She’s breathing heavily now. I can sense her excitement.

“Please?” She says breathlessly.

I lean close and clean the hair from the back of her neck, I pause, my lips so close to her neck, letting her feel my breath. “Nicer than than that. I am doing you a very great favour.”

“Pretty please.” She says arousal evident in her voice.

“Then unzip me.” I whisper.

She sighs with relief and her hands reach down between her legs.

I feel her fingers brush against my rock hard cock and I enter her.

I fuck her hard as she sits on top of me and I come as she cries out in ecstasy.

We sit for a few moments to recover then get off at the next stop. I carry her shoes and socks as she walks barefoot. We huddle quickly to the end of the platform and I toss my latte in the trash.

We head out into the town and she looks up at the station. “Woking? Who the fuck goes to Woking?”

“Commuters who have made a scene.” I say with a chuckle.

She grins and looks at me. “I hope we can fuck like that again.”

I grin and caress her cheek. “I think we can arrange something.”

She blushes, smiling. “So what happens now?”

I’m lost for words for a few moments then say. “Well if you’re still up for it I’d like to take you as my property, well exotic pet, then take you home with me.”

She looks me in the eyes, bites her lip then nods.

“Are you sure?” I ask.

She throws her arms about me and cries enthusiastically “Yes!!!” Then she whispers in my ear. “And I am so curious about being eaten.”

I laugh, partly with relief and at her unexpected eagerness but also because her knickers and skirt have fallen to the floor. I hurriedly bend down to pull them back up her.

She giggles when she realises what happened and blushes. “Oh my god! I’m so sorry...”

“It’s fine.” I say and add in a whisper. “I shrank you remember.”

“So how small will I get?” She asks with cheerful curiosity.

“You’ll find out.” I say as I examine our surroundings. “Ah, follow me.”

“Of course, Master...” She says tittering at the words.

We cross the road and stop at a convenience store.

I pop inside and buy a bottle of water.

When I return Sally has tied a knot in her skirt to stop it falling down and has clearly tightened the straps on her bra.

She notices me looking and smiles awkwardly. “I’m sorry, I just didn’t want to risk causing a scene again. I can loosen everything again if you prefer?”

I smile and hug her, kissing her on the forehead. “If I am ever upset by your actions, it is my failing for not predicting and accommodating them.”

She smiles then looks up at me. “I don’t even know what that means. I’m just glad I didn’t upset you.”

“Not at all.” I say, being careful to look her in the eyes as I say the words. “Very ingenious.”

She grins then plays with the shoulder strap of her top. “I kept this nice and loose for you.”

I chuckle then hand her the water. “Open it and get ready to take a drink. I have some things to prepare.”

“Very mysterious.” She says with a smile as she begins opening the water.

I pull a blindfold from out of a jacket pocket.

She looks at the blindfold with a mix of curiosity, confusion and caution. “Are you sure now’s the right time?”

“If you’re willing to trust me?” I ask. “No pressure. I just need to give you a pill so you’ll survive being eaten, the moment you take it I need to blindfold you until it’s been through your system.”

She nods with understanding. “Okay, I trust you.”

I hand her a sylph pill from a bottle in one of my jacket pockets. “Take a sip, babes.”

She looks hard at me, smirking then catches a glimpse at the inside of my jacket. “I wish I had as many pockets as you.”

“Pockets.” I say, deadpan. “Where you’re going, you don’t need pockets.”

She cracks up laughing then smiles, closes her eyes, pops the pill between her lips and swallows it down with the water.

I wrap the blindfold tightly about her head then pocket her shoes and the bottle of water.

“Walk with me.” I say, taking her hand.

She follows me as we walk along the pavement and she asks. “So what is it about shrinking women that does it for you? I mean if that doesn’t ruin what I’m doing for you?”

I shrug. “I don’t have much I can do that won’t be tolerated, accepted or lauded. I was raised to seek out adventure, exploration, things to discover and baddies to defeat but we know so much that there isn’t much point to that anymore. We live in a sex positive tolerant society. It’s not enough for me to engage in something societally accepted but neither can I do something I find personally repugnant.”

Sally chuckled. “So you compromise by objectifying women and feeling guilty about it.”

“Literally.” I say as I squeeze her hand.

She giggles. “I guess that’s why I’m here too. Feminism has won so much and it is only going to keep winning and I just - I look upon the world and I see suffering and intolerance. Feminism doesn’t matter a damn before climate change and technological unemployment. I have a Masters in programming for fuck’s sake. I could - I should get a great job and change the world.”

I stop walking and say. “It’s not too late. I can get you the cure and pay for your travel home.”

She shakes her head and squeezes my hand. “I want to do this. I’ve lived my whole life being told I don’t need men and it has got me working my butt off just to make ends meet. I like you. Lets keep walking.”

“If you’re sure.” I say, guiding Sally as we walk. I bite my lip and wonder if I am really going to be able to do this.

“So do you have any other pets?” Sally asks.

“You’re the first to say yes.” I say honestly.

“I won’t be the last.” says Sally confidently.

I chuckle.

Sally wonders aloud. “There is this Latina girl who works at a bookstore I go to regularly, now she would look good with a collar about her neck.”

I look at her in wonder. “You’re bi?”

“No...” Says Sally defensively before sighing. “Little bit but I’ve been so socialized towards heterosexual desire, specifically male desire, that I worry about introducing myself. I see them complaining about white feminism and I’m just so worried that I’m part of that so I just sort of don’t.”

I squeeze her hand compassionately then check my watch. “Nearly time.”

“Where are we going anyway?” asks Sally.

“Pet shop.” I say.

Sally giggles. “Of course.”

“By the way, how are you with being turned into cream and baked into a cheesecake?” I ask.

Sally shrugged. “If you can do it, go ahead, but I thought I was a savoury?”

“It’s just a recipe I’m considering for the future, way above my current skill level.” I say.

Sally smirks. “Well I have faith in you, Masterchef.”

I burst out laughing then stop walking.

Sally stops. “Something wrong?”

“No.” I say taking her hands in mine. “I just need you to shut your eyes now then open them on my signal. When you do, you’ll imprint upon me and your whole biology will regard me as your rightful owner.”

Sally giggles. “My eyes are shut but I really don’t think you need to do this. I mean at this point I’d

gladly climb into an oven for you. Actually I wouldn't mind if you decided to give me some good hard stuffing."

I chuckle and remove her blindfold, storing it in my pocket. "It's just a side effect but I greatly appreciate what you say."

She smiles.

I crouch so my face is before hers. "Open."

Sally opens her eyes and stares at me in wonder then says. "Okay, this is trippy..."

"I can get you the cure." I say with obvious concern.

"No..." Says Sally cautiously. "No, I like it. It's weird but I like it and I really like you."

I can't help grinning and clear the hair from her face.

She smiles. "You really are loving this, aren't you?"

"Of course." I say. "You're the perfect girl."

Sally blushes and giggles.

I take her hand and we walk again.

It's a fairly long walk to the pet store but the time is good. It lets Sally adjust to her new biology and altered psychology.

I pull out the bottle of water and take a sip then hand it to Sally.

Sally glugs down the rest of the water then chucks it in a bin we pass.

"Hold on, where's my watch?" She asks suddenly.

I smirk. "I took it on the train. I knew you'd lose it otherwise."

"You're so considerate." Says Sally.

I burst out laughing and it's not until we round the corner to the park the pet shop is in that I stop laughing.

Sally notes the food store as we pass it. "Is that where you'll go to get what you're having me with?"

"Nah..." I say. "I'm too middle class. I've already got everything at home."

At last we come to the pet shop and Sally bounds through the doors.

I chuckle, fetch a trolley and follow after her.

Sally runs ahead then shrieks elatedly and shows off a bright pink collar.

I snort.

“Please?” She asks.

“Fine...” I say with a smile. “But we really need to be heading to the next aisle along.”

“Okay...” says Sally dejectedly as she puts the collar in the trolley then heads round to the next aisle.

I pick up a copy of the collar to fit the size I intend to shrink her to then smile as I hear her shriek with excitement again.

I round the corner of the aisle and find Sally pointing at a cage that would take up an entire desk and is two metres in height.

“Two olympic scale swimming pools, a simulated rainforest, a simulated beach with a volley ball court, simulated natural light, wind and waves for surfing, kite boarding and sun bathing. Four beach chalets each equipped with an ensuite, digital TV and the latest and greatest gaming pcs. There’s even a climbing wall, jacuzzi, zipline, zorbing and paintball.” said Sally excitedly.

I nodded. “Look at the price tag.”

Sally stares at the price tag, her mouth drops open and she covers her mouth with her hand. Her eyes wide with shock and horror.

I move past and find a nice aviary inspired cage with metal bars, a fake beach and small pool, recliners, a swing seat and a retractable tablet pc at eye level for the sylph to use. “How about this?”

She looks at the price tag and nods. “Well it’s cheap but where would I...?”

“Behind the rock, look...” I say pointing out a door built into a decorative rock.

“Well I couldn’t live in it but it’s nice enough, I suppose.” says Sally.

“Okay, perhaps I’ll get it for work. Maybe look at the modular systems if you want something affordable but to your standards?” I suggest.

Sally nods then studies the cages.

I hear her shriek again and find her looking at a modular combo pack. One is a basic cage with a four-poster bed, gaming pc, VR headset and associated controls. Another is a frosted glass enclosed bathroom with full utilities. The last is beach area with small pool, recliners, a strip light for bathing and an exercise wheel.

“Okay...” I say cautiously.

“Really?” Asks Sally with hopeful excitement.

“Of course.” I say firmly. “You’re my girl now, you deserve somewhere nice to live in.”

Sally smiles then insists earnestly. “No. I’m yours. I’m not going back on this. If I have to live in a shoebox and eat peanuts, I will.”

I smile and kiss her on the forehead.

She picks up a volleyball module and sighs.

“If I get another girl then you can have it, I promise.” I say.

Sally grins and kisses me on the cheek. “So what happens now?”

“Now we go to a quiet corner of the store, you hop into the trolley and trust me.” I say.

“Always.” says Sally.

We walk to the dog cages at the back of the store and I ask. “Are you sure you want to do this? It’s not to late to say no.”

Sally shakes her head, she hugs me then kisses me on the lips, looks up at me and says. “I know that beneath the bravado you are quaking in your shoes so let me reassure you, I am doing this because I want to, because I like to and because I like you.”

Sally hops backwards onto the trolley then shimmies backwards into it. She closes her eyes and smiles.

I play with my cufflink again and take aim with the Quantum Oscillator. I watch Sally shrink before my eyes and shiver with excitement. I stow the Quantum Oscillator then push the trolley to the center of the store and the vets.

The middle aged white woman in the queue before me has a young black woman on a leash.

I look away a moment too late and the woman on the leash glares at me. “What? Ain’t you never seen a black sylph before?”

The middle aged woman looks to me and smiles politely. “Janice is just sulking because she tamed herself but she skipped a few steps so she’s got to get some jabs to ensure she’s fully covered.”

“So how do you...?” My mouth dries up as I ask the question.

“We’re both fans of Viorum Kastif-Tan.” said the middle aged woman.

“Oh...” I say, only vaguely aware of the TV programme.

The queue moves and in a moment Janice is led away by a nurse as her owner goes to wait.

I smile at the receptionist then gesture to Sally’s shrunken form. “I’d like to claim ownership, if that’s alright?”

“Take a seat, the vet’ll be free in a moment.” says the receptionist.

I sit between Janice’s owner and someone with a snake in a cage,

Sally has swaddled herself in her own shirt and looks up at me for reassurance.

I smile.

Sally smiles back.

A moment later a dark skinned man, possibly of Senegalese descent, exits the vets, dressed in customary blue robes and smiles at me, gesturing to the open door.

I leave my trolley in the waiting point then scoop Sally up in her shirt and carry her into the examination room.

I lay Sally down on the table and look to the vet.

Sally squirms in the shirt, eventually sitting up and looking at the vet.

“First, be honest with me.” said the vet. “You didn’t just find this sylph did you?”

“No...” I say, smiling.

The vet smirks. “I saw the knot in the skirt, indicative of your girl here having been shrunken a little first before being brought in. Now, lets make sure she’s really yours to claim.”

The vet picks up a microchip reader and waves it over. “Not a blip. Your lucky day.”

He picks up a special stick about 5 millimetres in width then looks down at Sally. “Ms, could you please look at me and say ‘Ah’?”

Sally dutifully stands up and looks at the vet, her mouth open.

The vet places the stick inside her mouth to keep her tongue down then uses a special torch to check the inside of her mouth. He removes the stick and says “Seems healthy enough.”

He then refers to his computer and asks me questions so he can register Sally as a sylph under my legal ownership.

Finally the vet asks Sally to lie down on her back.

I turn off Sally’s consciousness with my Quantum Oscillator.

The vet picks up a special tattoo gun and brands her with a barcode.

When he’s done I turn Sally back on.

Sally notices the pain in her bum right away and grits her teeth to stop from screaming.

“That’s tied to her soul meaning that if you decide to eat her or make cuttings of her you don’t have to worry, the bar code will always remain.” says the vet. “Now go, enjoy your new life together.”

I smirk, picking Sally up in her shirt and taking her with me.

As we leave Sally hisses. “That really hurt.”

I chuckle guiltily and stroke the woman who now belongs to me.

As we go to pay I notice we’re behind Janice at the till.

Janice looks to me and grins.

I smile then pay for my goods. “Oh and one Sylph Registration.”

“Okay...” says the cashier and I flash my card at the reader to pay.

As soon as we’re outside I dock the trolley and start loading things into my impossibly large pockets.

Sally watches this all from the trolley, utterly baffled. “You really didn’t need to shrink me did you? You could have just rammed your jacket over my head and I’d have been sucked into sub-space or whatever.”

Before I do anything else I break open the packaging of that second collar I picked up earlier and present Sally with it

She clutches her heart and shrieks excitedly. “Thank you...”

I chuckle and collar my new pet.

Once the last of the things has been stored away I pick Sally up in my hands, stroke her then kiss her on the head. “Thank you.”

She giggles as she looks up at me. “I never realised how big your mouth would be. Are you still going to eat me?”

“Only if you’re okay with it.” I say, already walking back towards the station.

“Yeah...” Says Sally confidently. “Yeah, I’ve trusted you so far and I’m loving it.”

I chuckle.

Sally watches me laugh hungrily.

I get off the train at Alton, walk home then head into the kitchen.

I pull a sauce pan out of the cupboard and place it in the hob.

I lower Sally inside then grab a jug from a different cupboard and fill it with water from the tap.

As I go to fill the pan with water from the jug, I pause.

Sally has removed her collar and is holding it aloft. “Keep this safe.”

I smile, accept the collar with my left hand then fill the pan Sally’s in with my right.

“This is just to clean you off and get you nice and hot.” I say, turning on the gas and hitting the sparker.

Sally bathes as she is bought to the boil.

I set her collar aside then fetch some lettuce, onions, rocket and peppers. I slice them and dice them then toss them into a wok and fry them.

As Sally’s pan starts to bubble, I set the wok aside.

I fetch a plate and pull out a circle of tortilla flat bread then grab a sieve and place a sharp knife in position for when I’m ready.

I turn the gas off under Sally’s pan then take the pan over to the sink. I drain the pan through the sieve and Sally pants, her skin reddened by heat. I set aside the pan then grab the knife.

“Last chance.” I say, holding the sieve.

“No chance.” Says Sally with a grin. “You’ve got me hot now, you better finish me off.”

As I pierce her chest with the knife, she gasps.

I extract one of her hearts and she stares at it.

I set her still beating heart aside and explain. “It’s how you’ll come back.”

She laughs.

I lay her gently down onto the flatbread then add the fried veg. As I wrap her up I’m careful to leave her hair and head outside the wrap so that at any point she can call out or stop.

I lift the wrap to my mouth and take a bite.

The pill I gave her was a special variant designed by the Bam-Kursh for those who don’t want the hassle of properly preparing their sylphs. Functionally identical to a normal sylph but with an extra setting where all but the meat, fat and skin has been carefully replaced according to a specially crafted scale that can be changed by the user. Crucially this setting exists in variants where the body either behaves as a sylph body would normally, or where it behaves like a normal sylph body but maintains functioning as if whole no matter how the body is separated.

I eat Sally alive, bones and all, and she can feel every second of it, even as I swallow parts of her.

Finally I come to her head and I ask her to smile. I pull out my Quantum Oscillator, flick a switch and her consciousness turns off, I eat her head whole then flip the variance, allowing the still beating weresylph heart to regrow her.

I set up her cage in my bedroom then carefully scoop up her heart with a teaspoon and lower it into the cage.

The next day, as I get up to go to work, I find Sally lounging on a bathing chair in her cage.

“Hi.” I say.

“Hi.” She says getting up from the lounger and approaching the wall of the cage.

“How did you find it?” I ask.

Sally giggles and blushes. “Well I didn’t think anything could be as good as your fucking and I was wrong...”

I grin.

“How was I?” Asks Sally.

“Exquisite.” I say. “Absolutely exquisite.”

Sally grins, leans forward and grabs the bars of the cage. “When you figure out how to turn me into cream we have got to try out that cheesecake thing and if you could drink me -?” She sighs with arousal.

I chuckle. “So you’re on for tonight?”

“Definitely.” says Sally enthusiastically.

“Okay, I’ve got to go to work. I’ll see if I can get permission to get a cage set up on my desk so you can join me.” I say.

Sally smiles. “That would be nice.”

I leave her and go to fetch the train to London.

As we pass through Woking, Janice gets on. She finds me and takes a seat opposite.

“Are you sure you’re first class?” I ask.

“No...” says Janice with an awkward smile. “But if a ticket inspector comes I could pass as your seeing eye sylph.”

I smile politely at the terrible joke.

“Look, I just - I wanted to apologise for yesterday.” said Janice. “I shouldn’t have made a thing of it,

like of course you're going to understand but I just - I didn't know if you were going to get all judgmental about it."

"Judgmental about what?" I ask.

"Well you should know, you're black." says Janice. "There's a stigma against black sylphs. The White people either think we're being exploited or they're trying to exploit us and getting angry at not being allowed to by the other white people and when I saw you had a white girl too..."

I frown. "Look, I've got nothing against black sylphs. We have a hard time of it in society so I am not going to have a go at anyone for wanting the psychological freedom of a collar. I just happen to like my sylphs weak and white."

"Like a latte?" says Janice.

I smirk.

Janice grins. "Well if you do ever fancy someone who is strong and black give me a call? Even if you just want a chat."

She scrawls her number out on a receipt, the receipt for registering her.

I smile and put the receipt away in my wallet. "Pleasure meeting you, Janice. We'll have to get coffee some time, I know the perfect place."

"I bet you do." says Janice with a smirk. "I bet you do."